Dumbe shew.

Enter at one dore Pericles *talking with* Cleon, *all the Traine with them: Enter at another dore, a Gentleman with a Letter to* Pericles; Pericles *shewes the Letter to* Cleon; Pericles *gines the Messenger a reward, and Knights him.*

Exit Pericles *at one dore, and* Cleon *at an other.*

Good *Hellicon* that stayd at home,
Not to eate hony like a Drone,
From others labours; for though he striue
To killen bad, keepe good aliue:
And to fulfill his Prince desire,
Sau'd one of all that happes in *Tyre*:
How *Thaliard* came full bent with sinne,
And hid intent to murder him;
And that in *Tharsis* was not best,
Longer for him to make his rest:
He doing so, put foorth to Seas;
Where when men been, there's seldome ease,
For now the Wind begins to blow,
Thunder aboue, and deepes below,
Makes such vnquiet, that the ship,
Should house him safe; is wrackt and split,
And he (good Prince) hauing all lost,
By Waues, from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought escapen'd but himselfe;
Till fortune tyr'd with doing bad,
Threw him a shore, to giue him glad:
And heere he comes: what shall be next,
Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the text.

Enter Pericles wette.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry Starres of heauen,
Wind, Raine, and Thunder: remember earthly man
Is but a substance that must yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.

Alasse

Alasse, the Seas hath cast me on the Rocks,
Washt me from shore to shore, and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffize the greatnes of your powers,
To haue bereeft a Prince of all his fortunes;
And hauing throwne him from your watry graue,
Heere to haue death in peace, is all hee'le craue.

Enter three Fisher-men.

1 What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What Patch-breech, I say?
3. What say you Maister?
1. Looke how thou stirr'st now:
Come away, or Ile fetch'th with a wanion.
3. Faith Maister, I am thinking of the poore men,
That were cast away before vs, euen now.
1. Alasse poore soules, it greiued my heart to heare
What pittifull cryes they made to vs, to helpe them,
When (welladay) we could scarce helpe our selues.
3. Nay Maister, say'd not I as much,
When I saw the Porpas, how he bounst and tumbled?
They say, they're halfe fish, halfe flesh:
A plague on them, they neere come but I looke to be washt.
Maister, I maruell how the fishes liue in the Sea?
1. Why as men doe a land;
The great ones eat vp the little ones:
I can compare our rich Misers, to nothing so fitly,
As to a Whale; a playes and tumbles
Driuing the poore Fry before him,
And at last, deuoure them all at a mouthfull:
Such Whales haue I heard on a'th land,
Who neuer leaue gaping, till they swallow'd
The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Belles and all.
Per. A prettie Morall.
3. But Maister, if I had been the Sexton,
I would haue beene that day in the Belfrie.
2. Why, Man?

 1. Because

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